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A
COLLECTION
OF
POEMS

R. Prompter ON *East River*

Affairs of State;

Viz.

Advice to a Painter.

Hodge's Vision.

Britain and Raleigh.

Statue at Stocks—M—

Young Statesman.

To the K—

Nostradamus Prophecy.

Sir Edmundbury Godfrey's Ghost.

On the King's Voyage to Chattam.

Poems on Oliver, by Mr. Dryden, Mr. Sprat, and Mr. Waller.

By

A—M—l Esq; and other Eminent Wits.

Most whereof never before Printed.

L O N D O N,
Printed in the Year, M D C L X X I X

Advice to a Painter, by A. M. Esq;

Spread a large Canvaſs, *Painter*, to contain
The great *Assembly*, and the num'rous *Train*,
Where all about him ſhall in *Triumph* ſit
Abhorring *Wiſdom* and deſpiſing *Wit*,
Hating all *Juſtice* and reſolv'd to *Fight*.
Firſt draw His *Highneſs* proſtrate to the *South*,
Adoring *Rome*, with this *Speech* in his *Mouth*.

Moſt Holy Father, being joyn'd in *League*
With *Father P — s*, *D — y*, and with *Teague*,
Thrown at your *Sacred Feet*, I *humbly bow*,
I and the wiſe *Associates* of my *Vow*;
A *Vow*, nor *Fire* nor *Sword* ſhall ever end,
Till all this *Nation* to your *Footſtool* bend :
Thus arm'd with *Zeal* and *Bleſſings* from your *Hands*,
I'll raiſe my *Papiſts*, and my *Irish Bands*;
And by a *Noble* well-contriv'd *Plot*,
Manag'd by wiſe *Fitz —* and by *Scot*,
Prove to the *World*, I'll have *Old England* know,
That *common Senſe* is my *Eternal Foe*.
I ne'r can *fight* in a more *glorious Cauſe*,
Than to deſtroy their *Liberty* and *Laws*,
Their *House of Commons*, and their *House of Lords*,
Parliaments, *Precedents* and dull *Records*;
Shall theſe e'r dare to contradict my *Will*,
And think a *Prince* oth' *Blood* can e'r do *Ill*?
It is our *Birth-right* to have *Power* to *kill*.
Shall they e'r dare to think they ſhall decide
The *Way to Heaven*, and who ſhall be my *Guide*?
Shall they pretend to ſay, That *Bread* is *Bread*,
Or there's no *Purgatory* for the *Dead*?
That *Extream Unction* is but common *Oyl*,
And not *Infallibly* the *Roman Spoil*?
I will have *Villains* in our *Notions* reſt,
And I do ſay it, therefore it's the beſt.

Next *Painter* draw his *M —* by his ſide,
Conveying his *Religion* and his *Bride*;
He who long ſince abjur'd the *Royal Line*,
Does now in *Popery* with his *Maſter* joyn.

Then draw the *Princess* with her golden Locks,
 Hastning to be envenom'd with the P——
 And in her youthful Veins receive a Wound,
 Which sent *N. H.* before her, under Ground ;
 The Wound of which the tainted *Cb* —— fades,
 Laid up in Store for a new Set of *Maids*.
 Poor *Princess*, born under a sullen Star,
 'To find such Welcome when you came so far !
 Better some jealous Neighbour of your own
 Had call'd you to a Sound, tho' petty *Throne*,
 Where 'twixt a wholesom Husband and a Page,
 You might have linger'd out a lazy Age,
 Than on dull Hopes of being here a Q——
 E're twenty dye, and rot before fifteen.

Now Painter shew us in the Blackest Dye,
 The Counsellors of all this Villany :
Cl —— *d*, who first appear'd in humble guise,
 Was always thought too Gentle, Meek and Wise :
 But when he came to act upon the Stage,
 He prov'd the mad *Cetbegus* of our Age ;
 He and his D——ke had both too great a Mind,
 To be by *Justice* or by *Law* confin'd ;
 Their boyling Heads can hear no other Sounds
 Than Fleets and Armies, Battails, Blood and Woun'ds ;
 And to destroy our Liberty they hope,
 By Irish *Talbot*, and old doting *Pope*.

Next *Talbot* must by his great Master stand,
 Laden with *Folly*, *Flesh*, and *Ill-got Land* ;
 He's of a size indeed to fill a Porch,
 But ne're can make a *Pillar of the Church* ;
 His Sword is all his Argument, not his Book,
 Altho no Scholar, he can act the Cook ;
 And will cut Throats again, if he be paid ;
 In th' Irish Shambles he first learn'd the Trade.

Then Painter shew thy Skill, and in fit place,
 Let's see the *Nuncio A* —— *ll's* sweet Face.
 Let the Beholders by thy Art espy
 His *Sense* and *Soul*, as squinting as his Eye.

Let *B* —— *s* autumnal Face be seen,
 Rich with the Spoils of a poor *Algerine*,
 Who trusting in him, was by him betray'd ;
 And so shall we when his Advice's obey'd ;
 Great Heroes to get Honour by the Sword,
 He got his Wealth by breaking of his Word ;
 And now his Daughter he hath got with Child,
 And Pimp to have his Family defil'd,

Next Painter draw the Rabble of the Plot,
G — n, Fitz G — d, Loftus, Porter, Scot :
 These are fit Heads indeed, to turn a State,
 And change the Order of a Nations Fate;
 Ten thousand such as these shall ne'r controul
 The smallest *Atom* of an *English* Soul.

Old *England* on a strong Foundation stands,
 Defying all their *Heads* and all their *Hands*,
 Its steady *Basis* never could be shook,
 When *Wiser Men* her *Ruin* undertook :
 And can her *Guardian Angels* let her stoop
 At last, to *Madmen, Fools*, and to the *Pope* ?
 No *Painter*, no close up this Piece and See,
 This crowd of *Traitors* hang'd in *EFFIGIE*.

Hodge, a Countryman, went up to the Pyramid,
 His VISION.

WHEN Hodge had numbred up, how many Score
 The airy Pyramid contain'd, he swore,
 No mortal *Wight* e'r climb'd so high before.
 To th' best Advantage plac'd, he Views around,
 Th' Imperial Throne with lofty Turrets crown'd,
 The wealthy Store-house of the bounteous Flood,
 Whose peaceful Tide o're-flows our Land with Good :
 Confused Forms fleet by his wondring Eyes,
 And his Soul too, seiz'd by Divine surprize.
 Some *God* it seems had entred his plain Breast,
 And with's Abode that *Rustick* Mansion blest.
 A mighty Change he feels in ev'ry part ;
 Light guides his Eyes, and Wisdom rules his Heart :
 So when her pious Son, fair *Venus* show'd
 His flaming *Troy*, with slaughter'd *Dardan's* Strow'd,
 She purg'd his Optick Films, his clouded Sight,
 Then *Troy's* last Doom he read by *Heaven's* Light ;
 Such Light Divine did seize the dazling Eyes
 Of humble *Hodge*.

Regions remote, Courts, Councils, Policies
 The Circling Wills of Tyrants Treacheries
 He views, discerns, deciphers, penetrates,
 From *Charles's* Dukes, to *Europe's* armed States.
 He saw the Goatish King in his Alcove,
 With secret Scenes of his incestuous Love ;
 To whom he spoke :

Cease, cease, O *Charles*, thus to pollute our Isle;
 Return, return to thy long wish'd Exile;
 There with thy Court defile the neighb'ring States.
 And by thy *Crimes* participate their Fates.
 He saw the Duke in his curst *Divan* set
 To's vast Designs reaching his Pigmy-Wit,
 With a choice Knot of the *Ignatian* Crew,
 Who th' way to Murthers and to *Treasons* shew:
 Dissenters they oppress with Laws severe
 That whilst we wound these Innocents, we fear
 Their curst Seed we may be forc'd to spare. }
 Twice the Reform'd must fight a double Prize,
 That *Rome* and *France* may in their Ruines rise,
 Old *Bonner* single Hereticks did burn, }
 These Reform'd Cities into Ashes turn, }
 And ev'ry year new Fires make us mourn. }
Hybernian Tories plot his cruel Reign,
 And thirst for *English* Martyrs Blood again:
 Our *Valiant* Youth abroad must learn the Trade
 Of unjust War, their Countrey to invade;
 Others at home must grind us to prepare
 Our *Gallick* Necks their Iron Yoke to wear.
 Ships, once our Safety and our glorious Might,
 Are doom'd with Worms and Rottenness to fight;
 Whilst *France* rides Sovereign o're the *British* Main,
 Our Merchants robb'd, and brave Sea-men slain:
 T' insure his Plot, *France* must his Legions send,
Rome to restore, and to enthrone his Friend:
 Thus the rash *Phaeton* with Fury hurl'd,
 And rapid Rage, consumes the *British* World.
 Blast him, O Heaven, in his mad Career,
 And let these Isles no more his Frenzy fear:
 Curst — whom all Mankind abhor;
 False to thy self, but to thy Friend much more,
 To him who did thy promis'd Pardon hope, (Coleman.
 And with pretended Transports kiss the Rope;
 Ore-whelm'd with Grief, and gasping out a Lie,
 Deceiv'd, and unprepar'd, thou left him die }
 With equal *Gratitude* and *Treachery*. }

BRITANNIA *and* RALEIGH.

By A. M.

Brit. **A** H Raleigh, when thou didst thy Breath resign
 To trembling *James*, would I had quitted mine.
Cubs didst thou call them? Hadst thou seen this Brood
 Of *Earls*, *Dukes*, and *Princes* of the Blood;
 No more of *Scottish* Race thou wouldst complain
 These would be Blessings in this spurious Reign.
 Awake, arise from thy long blest Repose;
 Once more with me partake of *Morlace* Woes.

Ra. What mighty Pow'r hath forc'd me from my rest?
 Oh mighty Queen, why so untimely drest?

Brit. Favour'd by Night, conceal'd in this Disguise,
 Whilst the *lewd Court* in drunken Slumber lies,
 I stole away, and never will return,
 Till *England* knows who did her City burn;
 Till *Cavaliers* shall Favourites be deem'd,
 And Loyal Sufferers by the Court esteem'd,
 Till *Liegh* and *Galloway* shall Bribes reject;
 Thus *Osburn's* Golden Cheat I shall detect:
 Till Atheist *L——le* shall leave this Land,
 And *Commons Votes* shall *Cut-Nose Guards* disband;
 Till *Kate* a happy Mother shall become,
 Till *Charles* loves *Parliaments*, and *James* hates *Roome*:

Ra. What fatal Crimes make you for ever fly
 Your once loved Court and *Martyrs* Progeny?

Brit. A Colony of *French* possess the Court;
Pimps, *Priests*, *Buffoons* in the Privy Chamber sport;
 Such slimy Monsters ne'r approacht a Throne
 Since *Pharaoh's* Days, nor so defil'd a Crown.
 In sacred Ear *Tyrannick Arts* they croak,
 Pervert his Mind, and good Intentions choak;
 Tell him of *Golden Indies*, *Fairy Lands*,
Leviathan, and absolute Commands.

Thus *Fairy-like* the *King* they steal away,
 And in his room a Changeling *Lewis* lay.
 How oft have I him to himself restor'd,
 In's left the Scale, in's right hand plac'd the Sword?
 Taught him their use, what dangers would ensue,
 To them who strive to separate these two?
 The bloody *Scottish Chronicle* read o're,
 Shew'd him how many *Kings* in purple gore
 Were hurl'd to Hell by cruel Tyrant *Lore*.

The other day sam'd *Spencer* I did bring,
 In lofty Notes *Tudor's* blest Race to sing;
 How *Spain's* proud Powers her Virgin Arms controul'd,
 And Gold'n Days in peaceful Order roul'd;
 How like ripe Fruit she dropt from off her Throne,
 Full of grey Hairs, good Deeds, and great Renown.
 As the *Jessean* Hero did appease
Saul's stormy Rage, and stopt his black Disease;
 So the learn'd *Bard*, with Artful Song suppress'd
 The swelling Passion of his canker'd Breast,
 And in his Heart kind Influences shed
 Of Country Lore by Truth and Justice bred:
 Then, to perform the Cure so full begun,
 To him I shew'd this glorious setting Sun.
 How by her Peoples Looks pursu'd from far,
 So mounted on a bright Celestial Car,
 Out-shining *Virgo*, or the *Julian* Star.
 Whilst in Truths Mirrour this good Scene he spy'd,
 Enter'd a *Dame*, bedeckt with spotted Pride,
 Fair *Flower de Luce* within an Azure Field,
 Her left Hand bears the Ancient *Gallick* Shield,
 By her usurp'd; her Right a bloody Sword,
 Inscrib'd *Leviathan*, our Sovereign Lord;
 Her towry Front a fiery Meteor bears,
 An Exhalation bred of Blood and Tears;
 Around her *Jove's* lewd rav'nous Curs complain,
 Pale Death, Lust, Tortures, fill her pompous Train:
 She from the easie King Truth's Mirrour took,
 And on the Ground in spiteful Fall it broke;
 Then frowning thus, with proud Disdain she broke.

Are thred-bare Virtues Ornaments for *Kings*?
 Such poor Pedantick Toys teach Underlings.
 Do *Monarchs* rise by Virtue or by Sword?
 Who e're grew great by keeping of his Word?
Virtue's a faint *Green-Sickness* to brave Souls,
 Dastards their Hearts, their active Heat controuls:
 The Rival God, *Monarchs* of th' other World,
 This mortal Poyson amongst Princes hold;
 Fearing the mighty Projects of the great,
 Shall drive them from their proud Coelestial Seat,
 If not ore-aw'd: This new-found holy Cheat,
 Those pious Frauds too slight, t' insnare the brave,
 Are proper Acts of long-ear'd Rout t' inflave.
 Bribe hungry Priests to deifie your Might,
 To teach your Will's, your only Rule to Right;
 And sound Damnation to all that dare deny't.

Thus

Thus Heaven designs 'gainst Heaven you should turn,
 And make them fear those powers you once did scorn.
 When all the Gobling Interest of Mankind,
 By Hirelings sold to you shall be resign'd ;
 And by Impostures God and Man betray'd,
 The Church and State you safely may invade ;
 So boundless *Law* in its full power shines,
 Whil'st your starv'd power in Legal Fetters pines.
 Shake off those Baby Bands from your strong Arms,
 Henceforth be deaf to your old Witches Charms ;
 Taste the delicious Sweets of Sovereign power,
 'Tis Royal Game whole Kingdoms to deflower.
 Three spotless Virgins to your Bed I'll bring,
 A Sacrifice to you their God and King :
 As these grow stale we'll harras human kind,
 Rack Nature till new pleasures you shall find,
 Strong as your Reign, and beauteous as your Mind. }
 When she had spoke, a confus'd Murmur rose
 Of *French, Scotch, Irish*, all my mortal Foes,
 Some *English* too, O shame ! disguis'd I spy'd,
 Led all by the wise Son-in-Law of *Hyde* ;
 With Fury drunk, like Baccanels they Roar,
 Down with that common *Magna Charta* Whore :
 With joynt Consent on helpless Me they flew,
 And from my *Charles* to a base Goal me drew ;
 My Reverend Age expos'd to Scorn and Shame,
 To Prigs, Bawds, Whores, was made the publick Game.
 Frequent Addresses to my *Charles* I send,
 And my sad State did to his Care commend :
 But his fair Soul transform'd by that *French* Dame,
 Had lost a sense of Honour, Justice, Fame.
 Like a tame Spinster in's *Seraigl* he sits,
 Besieg'd by Whores, Buffoons and Bastards Chits ;
 Lull'd in Security, rowling in Lust,
 Resigns his Crown to Angel *Cromwel's* Trust.
 Her Creature O ———, the Revenue steals,
 False *F——cb*, Knave *Ang——ery*, misguide the Seals ;
Mack-James the *Irish* Biggots does adore :
 His *French* and *Teague* commands on sea and shore :
 The *Scotch Scalado* of our Court two Isles,
 False *L——le* with *Adure* all defiles.
 Thus the States Right marr'd by this Hellish Court,
 And no one left these Furies to cast out :
 Ah *Vindex* come, and purge the poison'd State ;
 Descend, Descend, e're the Cure's desperate.

Rel. Once more great *Queen* thy Darling strive to save,
 Rescue him again from scandal and the Grave ;
 Present to's Thoughts his long scorn'd *Parliament*,
 The Basis of his Throne and Government :
 In his deaf Ears sound his dead Fathers Name,
 Perhaps that Spell may his ill Soul reclaim ;
 Who knows what good Effects from thence may spring ?
 'Tis God-like Good to save a falling King.

Brit. As easily learn'd *Virtuoso's* may
 With the Dogs Blood his gentle Kind Convey
 Into the Wolf, and make him Guardian turn,
 To the bleating Flock, by him so lately torn ;
 If this Imperial Juice once taint his Blood,
 'Tis by no potent Antidote withstood.
Tyrants, like Leprous Kings, for publick weal,
 Should be immur'd, lest the Contagion steal
 Over the whole. Th' Elect of the *Jessean* Line,
 To this firm Law their Scepter did resign.

To the serene *Venetian* State I'll go,
 From her sage Mouth fam'd Principles to know ;
 With her, the prudence of the ancients read,
 To teach my people in their steps to tread ;
 By their great Pattern such a State I'll frame,
 Shall eternize a glorious lasting Name,
 Till then, my *Raleigh* teach our noble Youth,
 To love Sobriety and holy Truth :
 Watch and preside over their tender Age,
 Lest Court Corruption should their Soul engage :
 Tell them how *Arts* and *Arms* in thy young Days
 Employ'd our Youth, not Taverns, Stews and Plays :
 Tell them the generous Scorn their rise does owe
 To Flattery, Pimping and a Gawdy Shew :
 Teach them to scorn the *Corwells*, *P——s*, *Neils*,
 The *Clevelands*, *Osborns*, *Berties*, *Lau——ails*,
Poppea, *Tegoline* and *Arteriz's* Name,
 Who yield to these in Lewdness, Lust and Fame.
 Make 'em admire the *Talbots*, *Sidneys*, *Veres*,
Drake, *Cav'ndish*, *Blake*, Men void of slavish Fears,
 True Sons of Glory, Pillars of the State,
 On whose fam'd Deeds all Tongues and Writers wait ;
 When with bright Ardour their bright Souls do burn,
 Back to my dearest Country I'll return.
Tarquin's just Judge and *Cæsar's* equal Peers,
 With them I'll bring, to dry my Peoples Tears.
Publicola with healing Hands shall pour
 Balm in their Wounds, and shall their Life restore :

Greek Arts and Roman Arms in her conjoyn'd,
 Shall *England* raise, relieve oppress'd Mankind.
 As *Jove's* great Son th' infested Globe did free
 From noxious Monsters, hell-bred Tyranny ;
 So shall my *England* in a Holy War,
 In Triumph bear slain *Tyrants* from afar ;
 Her true *Crusado* shall at last pull down
 The *Turkish* Crescent and the Persian Sun.
 Freed by my Labours, Fortunate Blest Isle,
 The Earth shall rest, the Heaven shall on thee smile ;
 And this kind Secret for Reward shall give,
 No Poysonous Serpent on the Earth shall live.

On the Statue at Stocks-Market.

AS Citizens, that to their Conquerors yield,
 Do at their own Charge their own Citadel build ;
 So Sir *Robert* advanced the King's Statue, a Token
 Of a *Broker* defeated, and *Lombard-street* broken.
 Some thought it a mighty and gracious Deed,
 Obliging the City with a *King* on a *Steed* ;
 When with honour he might from his Word have gone back,
 Who that waits for a Calm, is absolv'd by a Wreck :
 By all, it appears from the first to the last,
 To be as Revenge and as Malice forecast,
 Upon the *Kings* Birth Day to set up a *Thing*,
 That shews him a *Monkey*, more like than a *King*.
 When each one that passes, finds fault with the *Horse*,
 Yet all do assure that the *King* is much worse :
 And some by the Likeness, Sir *Robert* suspect,
 That he did for the *K* — his own Statue erect.
 To see him so disguis'd, the Herb-women chide,
 Who upon their *Panniers* more decently ride :
 And so loose are his feet, that all men agree
 Sir *William Peak* sits more faster than he :
 But a Market they say doth fit the King well,
 Who oft *Parliaments* buys, and *Revenues* doth sell :
 And others, to make the Similitude hold,
 Say his Majesty himself is oft bought and sold.
 Surely this Statue is more dangerous far,
 Than all the *Dutch* Pictures that caused the War ;
 And what the Exchequer for that took on trust,
 May henceforth be confiscated for Reasons most just.
 But Sir *Robert*, to take the Scandal away,
 Doth the fault upon the Artificer lay ;

And alledges the thing is none of his own ;
 For he counterfeits only in *Gold*, not in *Stone*.
 But Sir Knight of the *Vine*, how came't in your thought,
 That when to the Sc—ld your *Liege* you had brought,
 With Canvas and Deals you ere since do him cloud,
 As if you had meant it his Coffin and Shroud ?
 Hath *Blood* him away, as his Crown he convey'd ?
 Or is he to *Clayton's* gone in Masquerade ?
 Or is he in his Cabal in his——set ?
 Or have you to the Compter remov'd him for Debt ?
 Methinks for the Equipage of this vile Scene,
 That to change him into a *Jack-Pudding* you mean,
 Or else thus expose him to Popular Flout,
 As tho' we had as good have a *King* of a Clout.
 Or do you his Errors out of Modesty vail
 With three shatter'd Planks, and the Rags of a Sail,
 To expose how his Navy was shatter'd and torn,
 The day that he was restored and born ?
 If the Judges and Parliament do not him enrich,
 They will scarcely afford him a Rag to his Breech.
 Sir *Robert* affirms they do him much wrong ;
 'Tis the Gravers Work to reform so long.
 But alas, he will never arrive at his end ;
 For 'tis such a King no Chizzel can mend :
 But with all his faults pray give us our King,
 As ever you hope *December* or *Spring* :
 For though the whole World cannot shew such another,
 We had better have him than his P——'d Brother.

*A Young Gentleman, desirous to be a Minister of
 State, thus pretends to qualifie himself.*

TO make my self for this Employment fit,
 I'll learn as much as I can ever get
 Of the Honourable G—y of R——Wit :
 In Constancy and sincere Loyalty ;
 I'll imitate the grateful *Shaftsbury* ;
 And that we may assume the *Churches* weal,
 And all Disorder in *Religion* heal,
 I will espouse Lord H——'s Zeal :

To pay Respect to Sacred *Revelation*,
 To scorn th' affected Wit of *Propbanation*,
 And rout *Impiety* out of the Nation :
 To suppress Vice and Scandal to prevent,
Buck——'s Life shall be my Precedent,
 That living Modal of good Government.
 To dive into the depth of Statesmen's Craft,
 To search the Secrets of the subtlest Heart,
 And hide my own designs with prudent Art :
 To make each Man my Property become,
 To frustrate all the Plots of *France* or *Rome*,
 None can so well instruct as my Lord *Moon* ;
 For Moral Honesty in Deed and Word,
 Lord *W——* Example will afford ;
 That, and his Courage too, are on Record.

To the King.

Great *Charles*, who full of Mercy, wouldst command
 In Peace and Pleasure this, his Native Land ;
 At last take pity of this tottering *Throne*,
 Shook by the Faults of *others*, not thine *own*.
 Let not thy *Life* and *Crown* together end,
 Destroy'd by a false *Brother* and a *Friend*.
 Observe the danger that appears so near,
 That all your Subjects do each minute fear :
 One drop of Poison, or a *Papist*-Knife,
 Ends all the Joy of *England* with thy *Life*.
 Brothers, 'tis true, by Nature, should be kind ;
 But a too zealous and ambitious Mind,
 Brib'd with a *Crown* on *Earth*, and one *above*,
 Harbours no Friendship, Tenderness, or Love :
 See in all Ages what Examples are
 Of *Monarchs* murder'd by their impatient Heir.
 Hard Fate of Princes, who will ne're believe
 Till the Stroke's struck which they can ne're retrieve!

Nosteradamus's

Nostradamus's PROPHECY.

By A. M.

FOR Faults and Follies *London's* Doom shall fix,
 And She must sink in Flames in *Sixty six*;
 Fire-Balls shall fly, but few shall see the Train,
 As far as from *White-hall* to *Pudding-Lane*,
 To burn the City, which again shall rise,
 Beyond all hopes, aspiring to the Skies,
 Where Vengeance dwells. But there is one thing more
 (Though its Walls stand) shall bring the City lower:
 When Legislators shall their Trust betray,
 Saving their own, shall give the rest away;
 And those false men by th' easie People sent,
 Give Taxes to the King by Parliament:
 When bare-fac'd Villains shall not blush to cheat,
 And Chequer-Doors shall shut up *Lumbard-street*:
 When Players come to act the part of *Queens*,
 Within the Curtains, and behind the Scenes:
 When Sodomy shall be prime Min'isters Sport,
 And Whoring shall be the least Crime at Court:
 When Boys shall take their Sisters for their Mate,
 And practice Incests between Seven and Eight:
 When no man knows in whom to put his trust,
 And e'en to rob the Chequer shall be just;
 When Declarations, Lie, and every Oath
 Shall be in use at Court but *Faith* and *Troth*:
 When two good Kings shall be at *Brentford Town*,
 And when in *London* there shall be not one;
 When the seat's given to a talking Fool,
 Whom wise men laugh at, and whom Women rule;
 A Min'ster able only in his Tongue,
 To make harsh, empty speeches two hours long;
 When an old *Scotch* Covenant shall be
 The Champion for th' *English* Hierarchy;
 When Bishops shall lay all Religion by,
 And strive by Law t' establish Tyranny;
 When a lean Treasurer shall in one year
 Make himself fat, his King and People bare;
 When th' *English* Prince shall *English* men despise,
 And think *French* only Loyal, *Irish* Wise;

When *Wooden Shoon* shall be the *English* wear,
 And *Magna Charta* shall no more appear;
 Then th' *English* shall a greater *Tyrant* know
 Than either *Greek* or *Latin* Story show ;
 Their Wives to's Lust expos'd, their Wealth to's Spoil,
 VVith Groans to fill his Treasury they toil;
 But like the *Bellides* must sigh in vain ;
 For that still fill'd flows out as fast again ;
 Then they with envious Eyes shall *Belgium* see,
 And wish in vain *Venetian* Liberty.

The Frogs too late, grown weary of their pain,
 Shall pray to *Jove* to take him back again.

Sir Edmondbury Godfrey's Ghost.

IT happen'd in the Twilight of the Day,
 As *England's* Monarch in his Closet lay,
 And *Chiffinch* step'd to fetch the Female Prey ;
 The bloody shape of *Godfrey* did appear,
 And in sad Vocal sounds these things declare :
 " Behold, Great Sir, I from the Shades am sent,
 " To shew these Wounds that did your Fall prevent.
 " My pining Ghost, as Envoy, comes to call,
 " And warn you, lest, like me, y' untimely fall ;
 " Who against Law your Subjects Lives pursue,
 " By the same rate may dare to murder you.
 " I, for *Religion, Laws, and Liberties*,
 " Am mangled thus, and made a *Sacrifice*.
 " Think what befel Great *Egypt's* hardened King,
 " Who scorn'd the Profit of admonishing.
 " Shake off your brandy slumbers, for my Words
 " More Truth than all your close Cabal affords :
 " A Court you have with Luxury oregrown,
 " And all the Vices ere in Nature known ;
 " VVhere Pimps and Panders in their Coaches ride,
 " And in Lampoons and Songs your Lust deride.
 " Old Bawds and slighted VVhores, there tell, with shame,
 " The dull Romance of your Lascivious Flame.
 " Players and Scaramouches are your Joy ;
 " Priests and *French* Apes do all your Land annoy ;
 " Still so profuse, you are insolvent grown,
 " A Mighty Bankrupt on a Golden Throne.

" Your

" Your nauseous Palate the worst Food doth crave;
 " No wholsom Viands can an entrance have :
 " Each Night you lodge in that *French Syren's Arms*
 " She strait betrays you with her wanton Charms;
 " Works on your Heart, softned with Love and Wine,
 " And then betrays you to some *Philistine*.
 " Imperial Lust does o're your Scepter sway;
 " And though a Sovereign makes you to obey.
 " Yet thoughts so stupid have your Soul possess'd,
 " As if enchanted by some *Magick Priest*.
 " Next he who 'gainst the *Senate's* Vote did wed,
 " Took defil'd *H. and Hess* to his Bed :
 " Fiend in his Face, Apostle in his Name,
 " Contriv'd to Wars to your eternal shame.
 " He ancient Laws and Liberties defies;
 " On standing Guards and new raised Force relies :
 " The *Teague* he courts, and doth the *French* admire,
 " And fain he would be mounted one step higher.
 " All this by you must needs be plainly seen,
 " And yet he awes you with his darling Spleen.
 " Th' unhappy Kingdom suffered much of Old,
 " When *Spencer* and loose *Gavelston* controull'd ;
 " Yet they by just Decrees were timely sent,
 " To suffer a perpetual Banishment.
 " But your bold States-men nothing can restrain,
 " Their most enormous Courses you maintain ;
 " Witness that Man, who had for divers years
 " Pay'd the *Cubb-Commons*, *Pensions* and *Arrears* ;
 " Though your Exchequer was at his Command,
 " Durst not before his just Accuser stand,
 " For Crimes and Treasons of so black a hue,
 " None dare to prove his Advocate but you.
 " Trust not in Prelates false Divinity,
 " Who wrong their Prince, and shame their Deity,
 " Making their God so partial in their Cause,
 " Exempting Kings alone from humane Laws.
 " These lying Oracles they did infuse
 " Of old, and did your *Martyr'd Sire* abuse.
 " Their strong delusions did him so intral,
 " No Cautions would anticipate his Fall.
 " Repent in time, and banish from your sight
 " The Pimp, the Whore, Buffoon, *Church-parasite* ;
 " Let Innocence deck your remaining days,
 " That After-ages may unfold your Praise.
 " So may Historians in new Methods write,
 " And draw a Curtain 'twixt your black and white.

The Ghost spake thus, groan'd thrice, and said no more :
 Straight in came *Chiffinch* hand in hand with *Whore* :
 The King tho' much concern'd with Joy and Fear,
 Starts from the Couch and bid the *Dame* draw near.

*Upon the King's Voyage to Chatham, to make Bulwarks against the
 Dutch: And the Queen's miscarriage thereupon.*

When *James* our great Monarch, so Wise and Discreet :
 Was gone with three Barges, to face the *Dutch* Fleet ;
 Our young Prince of *Wales* (by inheritance stout !)
 Was coming to aid him and peep'd his Head out ;
 But seeing his Father without Ships or Men,
 Commit the defence of us all to a Chain,
Taffee was frighted, and sculk'd in again ;
 Nor thought, while the *Dutch* domineer'd on our Road,
 It was safe to come further, and venture abroad :
 Not *Walgrave*, or th' Epistle of *Seigneur le Duke*,
 Made Her Majesty Sick, and her Royal Womb puke :
 But the *Dutch*-men Pickeering at *Dover* and *Harwich*,
 Gave the Ministers Agues, and the Queen a Miscarriage ;
 And to see the poor King stand in Ships of such need,
 Made the Catholicks quake, and Her Majesty bleed ;
 And I wish the sad Accident don't spoil the young Prince,
 Take off all his Manhood, and make him a Wench :
 But the Hero his Father no courage did lack,
 Who was sorry on such a pretext to come back :
 He mark'd out his ground, and mounted a Gun,
 And 'tis thought without such a pretence he had run ;
 For his Army and Navy were said to increase,
 As appears (when we have no occasion) in Peace :
 Nay, if the *Dutch* come, we despise 'em so much,
 Our Navy *Incognito* will leave 'em i'th' Lurch,
 And (to their eternal Disgrace) we are able
 To beat 'em by way of a *Post* and a *Cable* ;
 Why was this, Sir, left out of the Wise Declaration,
 That flatter'd with Hopes of more Forces, the Nation ?
 'Twould have done us great good to have said, you intended,
 The strength of the Nation the CHAIN should be mended,
 Though we thank you, for Passing so kindly your Word,
 (Which never was broke) that you'd Rule by the Sword ;
 This Promise we know you meant to fulfill ;
 And therefore you have reason (by Gad) to tak't ill,
 That the Bishops, the Bishops did throw out the Bill.

Three POEMS on the Death of the late Usurper Oliver Cromwell.

Written by Mr. John Dryden, Mr. Sprat of Oxford,
and Mr. Edm. Waller.

Heroick Stanza's, on the late Usurper Oliver Cromwell, written after his Funeral, by Mr. Dryden.

I.

AND now 'tis time ; for their officious haſt,
Who would before have born him to the Sky,
Like eager Romans ere all Rites were paſt,
Did let to ſoon the ſacred Eagle fly.

II.

Though our beſt Notes are Treason to his Fame,
Join'd with the loud applauſe of publick Voice ;
Since Heaven, what praiſe we offer to his Name,
Hath rendred too Authentick by its choice ;

III.

Though in his praiſe no Arts can liberal be,
Since they whoſe Muſes have the higheſt flown,
Add not to his Immortal Memory ;
But do an act of Friendſhip to their own :

IV.

Yet 'tis our duty, and our intereſt too,
Such Monuments as we can build, to raiſe,
Leſt all the World prevent what we ſhould do,
And claim a Title in him by their Praiſe.

V.

How ſhall I then begin, or where conclude,
To draw a Fame ſo truly Circular ?
For in a round, what order can be ſhew'd,
Where all the parts ſo equal perfect are ?

VI.

His Grandeur he deriv'd from Heaven alone,
For he was great ere Fortune made him ſo,
And Wars like Miſts that riſe againſt the Sun,
Made him but greater ſeem, not greater grow.

IV II.

No borrow'd Bays his Temples did adorn,
But to our Crown he did fresh Jewels bring;
Nor was his Vertue poison'd soon as born,
With the too early thoughts of being King.

V I I I. X

Fortune (that easie Mistress to the young,
But to her ancient Servants coy and hard)
Him, at that age, her Favourites rank'd among,
When she her best lov'd Pompey did discard.

I X.

He private, mark'd the Faults of others sway,
And set as Sea-marks for himself to shun;
Not like rash Monarchs, who their youth betray,
By Acts their Age too late would wish undone.

X.

And yet Domision was not his design,
We owe that blessing not to him but Heaven,
Which to fair acts unsought rewards did join,
Rewards that less to him, than us were given.

X I. X X

Our former Chief like Sticklers of the War,
First sought t'inflame the parties, then to poise:
The quarrel lov'd, but did the cause abhor,
And did not strike to hurt, but make a noise.

X I I.

War, our Consumption, was their gainful Trade;
He inward bled, whilst they prolong'd our pain;
He fought to end our fighting, and assay'd
To stanch the blood by breathing of the Vein.

X I I I.

Swift and resistless through the Land he past,
Like that bold Greek, who did the East subdue,
And made to Battels such Heroick haste,
As if on Wings of Victory he flew.

X I V.

He Fought secure of Fortune as of Fame,
Still by new Maps the World might be shown,
Of Conquests which he knew'd where ere he came,
Thick as the Galaxy with Stars is sown.

X V. X X X

His Palms, though under weights they did not stand,
Still thriv'd, no Winter could his Laurels fade:
Heaven in his Portraict shew'd a Workman's hand,
And drew it perfect, yet without a shade.

XVI.

Peace was the prize of all his toil and care,
Which War had banish'd, and did now restore;
Bologna's Walls thus mounted in the Air,
To seat themselves more surely than before:

XVII.

Her safety, rescued *Ireland*, to him owes,
And treacherous *Scotland* to no int'rest true,
Yet bless'd that Fate which did his Arms dispose
Her Land to civilize, as to subdue.

XVIII.

Nor was he like those Stars which only shine,
When to pale Mariners, they Storms portend;
He had his calmer influences, and his Mien
Did Love and Majesty together blend.

XIX.

Tis true his Countenance did imprint an awe,
And naturally all Souls to his did bow,
As wands of Divination downward draw,
And point to beds where Sov'raign Gold doth grow:

XX.

When past all offerings to *Pheretrian Jove*,
He *Mars* deposed, and Arms to Gowns made yield,
Successful Councils did him soon approve,
As fit for close Intrigues, as open Field.

XXI.

To suppliant *Holland* he vouchsaf'd a Peace,
Our once bold Rival in the *British* Main,
Now tamely glad her unjust claim to cease,
And buy our Friendship with her Idol, Gain.

XXII.

Fame of the asserted Sea through *Europe* blown,
Made *France* and *Spain* ambitious of his Love;
Each knew that side must conquer he would own,
And for him fiercely, as for Empire strove.

XXIII.

No sooner was the *French*-man's Cause imbrac'd,
Than the light Monsieur, the grave Don outweigh'd;
His Fortune turn'd the Scale where it was cast;
Though *Indian* Mines where in the other laid.

XXIV.

When absent, yet we conquer'd in his Right;
For though that some mean Artificer's Skill were shown
In mingling Colours, or in placing Light;
Yet still the fair Designment was his own:

XXV.

For from all Tempers he could Service draw ;
The worth of each with its allay he knew ;
And as the Confident of Nature saw
How she Compositions did divide and brew.

XXVI.

Or he their single Vertues did survey,
By intuition in his own large Breast,
Where all the rich *Idea's* of them lay,
That were the Rule and Measure to the rest.

XXVII.

When such Heroick Vertue, Heaven set out:
The Stars like Commons sullenly obey ;
Because it drains them when it comes about ;
And therefore is a Tax they seldom pay.

XXVIII.

From this high Spring, our Foreign Conquests flow,
Which yet more glorious Triumphs do portend ;
Since their Commencement to his Arms they owe,
If Springs as high as Fountains may ascend.

XXXIX.

He made us Free-men of the Continent,
Whom Nature did like Captives treat before ;
To Nobler preys the English Lion sent,
And taught him first in *Belgian* Walks to roar.

XXX.

That old unquestion'd Pirate of the Land,
Proud *Rome*, with dread the Fate of *Dunkirk* heard ;
And trembling wish'd behind more *Alpes* to stand,
Although an *Alexander* were her Guard.

XXXI.

By his Command, we boldly cross'd the Line,
And bravely fought where Southern Stars arise,
We trac'd the far-fetch'd Gold unto the Mine,
And that which brib'd our Fathers made our Prize.

XXXII.

Such was our Prince, yet own'd a Soul above
The highest Acts it could produce or show :
Thus poor Mechanick Arts in publick move,
Whilst the deep Secrets beyond Practice go.

XXXIII.

Nor died he when his ebbing Fame went less,
But when the fresh Laurels courted him to live ;
He seem'd but to prevent some new Success,
As if above what Triumphs Earth can give.

XXXIV.

His latest Victories still thickest came,
As near the Center, Motion doth increase;
Till he press'd down by his own weighty Name,
Did, like the Vestal, under spoils de cease.

XXXV.

But first the Ocean as a Tribute sent
That Giant Prince of all her wat'ry Herd;
And th' Isle, when her protecting *Genius* went,
Upon his Obsequies loud sighs conferr'd.

XXXVI.

No civil broils have since his Death arose,
But Faction now by habit does obey;
And Wars have that respect for his Repose,
As Winds for *Halcyons* when they breed at Sea.

XXXVII.

His Ashes in a peaceful Urn shall rest,
His Name a great Example stands to show,
How strangely high Endeavours may be blest,
Where Piety, and Valour jointly go.

To the Reverend Dr. Wilkins, Warden of
Wadham Colledge in Oxford.

SIR,

Seeing you are pleased to think fit that these Papers should come into the publick, which were at first design'd to live only in a Desk, or some private Friends Hands; I humbly take the boldness to commit them to the security, which your Name and protection will give them, with the most knowing part of the World. There are two things especially, in which they stand in need of your defence: One is, That they fall so infinitely below the full and lofty Genius of that excellent Poet, who made this way of Writing Free of our Nation: The other, That they are so little proportioned and equal to the renown of that Prince, on whom they were written. Such great Actions and Lives, deserving rather to be the subjects of the noblest Pens, and most Divine Phantasies, than of such small Beginners and weak Essayers in Poetry as my self. Against these dangerous prejudices, there remains no other shield, than the Universal Esteem and Authority, which your Judgment and Approbation carries with it. The right you have to them, Sir, is not only on the account of the Relation you had to this great Person, nor of the general favour which all arts receive from you; but more particularly by reason of that Obligation and Zeal, with which I am bound to dedicate my self to your service: For having been a long

time

time the Object of your Care and Indulgence towards the advantage of my Studies and Fortune, having been moulded (as it were) by your own Hands, and formed under your Government; not to intitle you to any thing which my meanness produces, would not only be Injustice, but Sacrilege: So that if there be any thing here tolerably said, which deserves Pardon, it is yours Sir, as well as he, who is

Your most Devoted
and Obliged Servant.

To the happy memory of the late Usurper *Oliver Cromwel.* By Mr. Sprat of Oxon. *Pindarick Odes.*

I.

TIS true, great Name, thou art secure
From the forgetfulness and rage
Of Death, or Envy, or devouring Age;
Thou canst the Force and Teeth of Time endure:
Thy Fame like Men, the elder it doth grow,
Will of its self turn whiter too,
Without what needles art can do;
Will live beyond thy breath, beyond thy Hearse,
Though it were never heard or sung in Verse.
Without our help, thy Memory is safe;
They only want an Epitaph,
That does remain alone
Alive in an Inscription,
Remembred only on the Brass, or Marble stone.
'Tis all in vain what we can do:
All our Roses and Perfumes
Will but officious folly shew,
And pious Nothings, to such mighty Tombs.
All our Incense, Gums, and Balm,
Are but unnecessary duties here:
The Poets may their Spices spare,
Their costly numbers and their tuneful feet:
That need not be imbalm'd, which of it self is sweet.

II.

We know to praise thee is a dangerous proof
Of our Obedience and our Love:
For when the Sun and Fire meet,
Th' one's extinguish'd quite;
And yet the other never is more bright:
So they that write of thee, and join
Their feeble names with Thine,
Their weaker sparks with thy illustrious light,

Will lose themselves in that ambitious thought;
 And yet no Fame to thee from thence he brought.
 We know, blest'd Spirit, thy mighty name
 Wants no addition of anothers beam;
 It's for our pens too high, and full of Theme:
 The Muses are made great by thee, not thou by them.
 Thy Fame's Eternal Lamp will live,
 And in thy Sacred Urn survive,
 Without the food of Oil, which we can give.
 'Tis true; but yet our duty calls our Songs,
 Duty Commands our Tongues.
 Though thou want not our praises, we
 Are not excus'd for what we owe to thee;
 For so Men from Religion are not freed.
 But from the Altars clouds must rise,
 Though Heaven it self doth nothing need,
 And though the Gods don't want an earthly Sacrifice.

III.

Great Life of wonders, whose each year
 Full of new Miracles did appear!
 Whose every Month might be
 Alone a Chronicle, or a History!
 Others great Actions are
 But thinly scatter'd here and there;
 At best, but all one single Star;
 But thine the Milky-way,
 All one continued light of undistinguish'd day;
 They throng'd so close, that nought else could be seen,
 Scarce any common Sky did come between:
 What shall I say or where begin?
 Thou may'st in double shapes be shown,
 Or in thy Arms, or in thy Gown;
 Like *Jove* sometimes with Warlike Thunder, and
 Sometimes with peaceful Scepter in his Hand,
 Or in the Field, or on the Throne.
 In what thy Head, or what thy Arm hath done,
 All that thou didst, was so refin'd,
 So full of substance, and so strongly join'd,
 So pure, so weighty Gold,
 That the least Grain of it
 If fully spread and beat,
 Would many Leaves and mighty Volumes hold.

IV.

Before thy Name was publish'd, and whilst yet
 Thou only to thy self wert great,

Whilst yet thy happy bud
 Was not quite seen, or understood,
 It then sure signs of future greatness shew'd:
 Then thy Domestick worth
 Did tell the World what it would be,
 When it should fit occasion see,
 When a full Spring should call it forth:
 As Bodies, in the dark and night,
 Have the same Colours, the same red and white,
 As in the open Day and Light,
 The Sun doth only show
 That they are bright, not make them so:
 So whilst but private Walls did know
 What we to such a mighty Mind should owe,
 Then the same Vertues did appear,
 Though in a less and more contracted Sphere,
 As full, though not as large as since they were:
 And like great Rivers, Fountains, though
 At first so deep thou didst not go;
 Though then thine was not so enlarg'd a Flood;
 Yet when 'twas little, 'twas as clear as good.

V.

'Tis true thou wast not born unto a Crown,
 Thy Scepter's not thy Father's, but thy own:
 Thy purple was not made at once in haste,
 And after many other Colours past,
 It took the deepest Princely Dye at last.
 Thou didst begin with lesser Cares,
 And private thoughts took up thy private Years:
 Those Hands, which were ordain'd by Fates,
 To change the World, and alter States,
 Practis'd at first that vast Design
 On meaner things with equal Mind.
 That Soul, which should so many Scepters sway,
 To whom so many Kingdoms should obey:
 Learned first to rule in a Domestick way:
 So Government it self, began
 From Family, and single Man,
 Was by the small Relations, first,
 Of Husband, and of Father Nurs'd,
 And from those less beginnings past,
 To spread it self over all the World at last.

VI.

But when thy Country, (then almost enthrall'd)
 Thy Vertue, and thy Courage call'd;

When *England* did thy Arms intreat,
 And 't had been Sin in thee not to be Great;
 When every Stream, and every Flood,
 Was a true Vein of Earth, and run with Blood;
 When unus'd Arms, and unknown War
 Fill'd every Place, and ever Ear;
 When the great Storms, and dismal Night
 Did all the Land affright;
 'Twas time for thee, to bring forth all our Light.
 Thou left'st thy more delightful Peace,
 Thy private Life, and better ease;
 Then down thy Steel and Armour took,
 Wishing that it still hung upon the Hook.
 When Death had got a large Commission out,
 Throwing her Arrows, and her Stings about;
 Then thou (as once the healing Serpent rose)
 Wast lifted up, not for thy self, but us.

VII.

Thy Country wounded was, and sick before
 Thy Wars and Arms did her restore:
 Thou knew'st where the Disease did lie,
 And like the Cure of Sympathy,
 Thy strong, and certain Remedy,
 Unto the Weapon didst apply;
 Thou didst not draw the Sword, and so
 Away the Scabbard throw;
 As if thy Country shou'd
 Be the Inheritance of *Mars* and Blood;
 But that when the great work was spun,
 War in it self should be undone;
 That Peace might Land again upon the shore,
 Richer and better than before:
 The Husbandmen no Steel should know,
 None but the useful Iron of the Plow;
 That Bays might creep on every Spear:
 And though our Sky was overspread
 With a destructive red;
 'Twas but till thou our Sun didst in full Light appear.

VIII.

When *Ajax* died, the Purple Blood
 That from his gaping Wound had flow'd,
 Turn'd into Letters; every Leaf
 Had on it wrote his Epitaph:
 So from that Crimson Flood
 Which thou, by fate of times, wert led
 Unwillingly to shed,
 Letters, and Learning rose, and were renewed:

Thou

Thou fought'st not out of Envy, Hope, or Hate,

But to refine the Church and State;

And like the *Romans*, what e'er thou didst

In the Field of *Mars* didst mow,

Was, that a holy Island thence might grow.

Thy Wars, as Rivers raised by a Shower,

With welcome Clouds do pour;

Though they at first may seem,

To carry all away with an enraged Stream;

Yet did not happen that they might destroy,

Or the better parts annoy:

But all the Filth and Mud to scour,

And leave behind another slime,

To give a Birth to a more happy Power.

IX.

In Fields unconquer'd, and so well

Thou didst in Battels and in Arms excel,

That steely Arms themselves, might be

Worn out in War as soon as thee.

Success, so close upon thy Troops did wait,

As if thou first hadst conquer'd Fate;

As if uncertain Victory

Had been first overcome by thee;

As if her Wings were clipp'd, and could not flee,

Whilst thou didst only serve,

Before thou hadst what first thou didst deserve.

Others by thee did great things do,

Triumph'dst thy self, and made'st them triumph too;

Though they above thee did appear,

As yet in a more large, and higher Sphere:

Thou, the great Sun gav'st Light to every Star.

Thy self an Army wert alone,

And mighty Troops contain'dst in one:

Thy only Sword did guard the Land,

Like that which flaming in the Angel's Hand,

From Men God's Garden did defend:

But yet thy Sword did more than his,

Not only guarded, but did make this Land a Paradise.

X.

Thou fought'st not to be high or great,

Not for a Scepter, or a Crown,

Or Ermyne, People, or the Throne;

But as the Vestal Heat

Thy Fire was kindled from above alone.

Religion putting on thy Shield,
 Brought thee victorious to the Field.
 Thy Arms like those, which ancient Heroes wore,
 Were given by the God thou did'st adore;
 And all the Words thy Armies had,
 Were on an heavenly Anvil made;
 Not Int'rest, or any weak desire
 Of Rule, or Empire did thy mind inspire;
 Thy Valour like the holy Fire,
 Which did before the *Persian* Armies go,
 Liv'd in the Camp, and yet was sacred too:
 Thy mighty Sword anticipates,
 What was reserv'd for Heaven and those bless'd Seats,
 And makes the Church Triumphant here below.

X I.

Though Fortune did hang on thy Sword;
 And did obey thy mighty Word;
 Though Fortune for thy side and thee,
 Forgot her lov'd Unconstancy;
 Amidst thy Arms and Trophies thou
 Wert valiant and gentle too,
 Wounded'st thy self, when thou did'st kill thy Foe;
 Like Steel, when it much Work has past,
 That which was rough does shine at last:
 Thy Arms by being oftner us'd did smother grow;
 Nor did thy Battels make the proud or high;
 Thy Conquest rais'd the State, not thee:
 Thou overcam'st thy self in every Victory:
 As when the Sun, in a directer Line,
 Upon a polish'd golden Shield doth shine,
 The Shield reflects unto the Sun again his Light:
 So when the Heavens smil'd on thee in Fight,
 When thy propitious God had lent
 Success, and Victory to thy Tent,
 To Heav'n again the Victory was sent.

X I I.

England till thou did'st come,
 Confin'd her Valour home;
 Then our own Rocks did stand
 Bounds to our Fame as well as Land,
 And were to us as well,
 As to our Enemies unpassable.
 We were asham'd at what we read,
 And blush'd at what our Fathers did,
 Because we came so far behind the Dead.

The British Lion hung his main, and droop'd,
 To Slavery and Burthen stoop'd,
 With a degenerate Sleep and Fear
 Lay in his Den, and languish'd there;
 At whose least Voice before,
 A trembling eccho ran through every Shore,
 And shook the World at every roar ;
 Thou his subdued Courage didst restore,
 Sharpen his Claws, and in his Eyes
 Mad'st the same dreadful Lightning rise ;
 Mad'st him again affright the Neighbouring Floods,
 His mighty Thunder sound through all the Woods :
 Thou hast our Military Fame redeem'd,
 Which was lost, or clouded seem'd :
 Nay more, Heaven did by thee bestow
 On us, at once an Iron Age, and happy too.

X I I I.

Till thou command'st, that Azure Chains of Waves,
 Which Nature round about us sent,
 Made us to every Pirate Slaves,
 Was rather Burthen than an Ornament ;
 Those Fields of Sea, that wash'd our Shores,
 Were plow'd, and reap'd by other Hands than ours.
 To us, the liquid Mass,
 Which doth about us run,
 As it is to the Sun,
 Only a Bed to sleep on was :
 And not, as now a powerful Throne,
 To shake and sway the World thereon.
 Our Princes in their Hand a Globe did shew,
 But not a perfect one,
 Compos'd of Earth, and Water too.
 But thy Commands the Floods obey'd,
 Thou all the Wilderness of VVater sway'd ;
 Thou did'st but only wed the Sea,
 Not make her equal, but a Slave to thee.
 Neptune himself did bear thy Yoke,
 Stoop'd, and trembled at thy stroke :
 He that ruled all the Main,
 Acknowledg'd thee his Sovereign.
 And now the Conquer'd Sea, doth pay
 More Tribute to thy *Thames*, than that unto the Sea.

X I V.

Till now our Valour did our selves more hurt ;
 Our VVounds to other Nations were a sport ;
 And as the Earth, our Land produc'd

Iron and Steel, which should to tear our selves be us'd,
 Our strength within it self did break,
 Like thundring Canons crack,
 And kill'd those that were near,
 While the Enemies secur'd and untouch'd were.
 But now our Trumpets thou hast made to sound,
 Against our Enemies Walls in Foreign Ground;
 And yet no eccho back to us returning found.
 England is now the happy peaceful Isle,
 And all the World the while,
 Is exercising Arms and Wars,
 With Foreign, or intestine Jars.
 The Torch extinguish'd here, we lend to others Oil,
 We give to all, yet know our selves no Fear;
 We reach the Flame of Ruine, and of Death,
 Where e're we please, our Swords to unsheath;
 Whilst we in calm, and temperate Regions breath;
 Like to the Sun, whose heat is hurl'd
 Through every Corner of the World;
 Whose Flame through all the Air doth go;
 And yet the Sun himself; the while no Fire doth know.

XV.

Besides the Glories of thy Peace,
 Are not in Number, nor in value less.
 Thy Hand did cure, and close the Stars
 Of our bloody Civil Wars;
 Not only lanc'd, but heal'd the Wound,
 Made us again as healthy, and as sound,
 When now the Ship was well nigh lost,
 After the Storm upon the Coast,
 By its Mariners indanger'd most;
 When they their Ropes and Helms had left,
 When the Planks a splinter clef;
 And Flouds came roaring in with mighty sound;
 Thou a safe Land, and harbour for us found,
 And sav'dst those that would themselves have drown'd:
 A Work which none but Heaven and thee could do,
 Thou made'st us happy: where we would be no.
 Thy Judgment, Mercy, Temperance so great,
 As if those Vettues only in thy Mind had seat:
 Thy Piety not only in the Field, but Peace,
 When Heaven seem'd to be wanted least:
 Thy Temples not like Janus open were,
 Open in time of War,
 When thou hadst greater cause of fear

Religion and the awe of Heaven possess
All places and all times alike thy breast:

XVII.

Nor didst thou only for thy age provide,
But for the years to come beside;
Our after-times, and late Posterity,
Shall pay unto thy Fame as much as we;
They too are made by thee:
When Fate did call thee to a higher Throne,
And when thy Mortal Work was done,
When Heaven did say it, and thou must be gone,
Thou him to bear thy burthen chose,
Who might (if any could) make us forget thy loss:
Nor hadst thou him design'd,
Had he not been
Not only to thy Blood, but Vertue kin;
Not only Heir unto thy Throne, but Mind,
'Tis he shall perfect all thy Cures,
And with as fine a thread weave out thy loom:
So one did bring the chosen People from
Their Slavery and Fears,
Led them through their pathless road,
Guided himself by God.
He brought them to the Borders; but a second Hand
Did settle, and secure them in the promised Land.

*Upon the late Storm, and Death of the late Usurper
Oliver Cromwel ensuing the same, By Mr. Waller.*

WE must resign; Heav'n his great Soul does claim,
In Storms as loud, as his Immortal Fame;
His dying Groans, his last breath shakes our Isle,
And trees uncut fall for his Funeral Pile.
About his Palace their broad roots are tost
Into the Air: So *Romulus* was lost.
New *Rome* in such a Tempest mist their King,
And from obeying-fell to Worshipping.
On *Oeta's* top thus *Hercules* lay dead,
With ruin'd Oaks and Pines about him spread;
The Poplar too, whose bough he wont to wear
On his Victorious head, lay prostrate there:
Those his last Fury from the Mountain rent;
Our dying Hero, from the Continent,

Ravish'd whole Towns, and Forts from *Spaniards* rest,
 As his last Legacy to *Britain* left;
 The Ocean which so long our hopes confin'd,
 Could give no limits to his vaster mind;
 Our bounds enlargement, was his latest toil,
 Nor hath he left us Prisoners to our Isle:
 Under the Tropick is our Language spoke,
 And part of *Flanders* hath receiv'd our Yoke.
 From Civil broils, he did us disingage,
 Found Nobler Objects for our Martial rage;
 And with wise Conduct to his Country show'd,
 Their ancient way of Conquering abroad:
 Ungrateful then, if we no tears allow
 To him, that gave us Peace and Empire too;
 Princes that fear'd him, griev'd, concern'd to see
 No pitch of Glory from the Grave is free;
 Nature her self, took notice of his Death,
 And sighing swell'd the Sea with such a breath,
 That to remotest shores her Billows rowl'd,
 Th' approaching Fate of her great Ruler told.

FINIS.
